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Marshall







Wm. H. NEAL

1882



EUGENIA,

OR

EARLY SCENES,

IN

CUMBERLAND

BY MARSHALL.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY H. C. CAREY & Co,

NO. 157 BROADWAY,

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1823.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

1900.

MY DEAR SYDENHAM,

I CAN imagine your surprise on hearing that your old friend and school-fellow, nick named **PROTEUS**, meant to imply (vulgarly) Jack of all Trades. should have invoked the muse as a dernier resort, but Irony aside, believe me, **MAJOR**, I am the same child of vagary I ever was ; and the sight of our old schoolmate **NED**, and his wife with their prattlers, that I have been dandling on my knee this month, brought full to view the scenes of Cumberland, with the occurrences of our visit to the poor **MAJOR**'s cottage. I immediately determined (with the permission of **Ned** and **Eugenia**) on delineating their courtship, as I had a hint from the former of the denouncement. You know the worthy old **CURATE** and the nobleman whose benevolence was a common theme : the village belle is known to you also. I need not remind you that the elder urchin was **MAJOR SYDENHAM**. **NED** tells the story of your fright, much to the amusement of his elder boy ; the scenery I have left to your own countrymen ; after all this, I see your curled lip and the long drawn pish ; what stuff, neither head nor tail : well, I admit it, but **EUGENIA** insists it shall be published ; by the bye she is as lovely as ever, and **NED** takes her to England this Spring ; by her you will receive a copy ; you will excuse my adopting, at her instance, this letter to you, instead of a preface, introduction, &c.

But a word, you must attribute some part of the numerous faults to the circumstance of my never looking over any thing I write, and leaving the revisal sometimes to an incompetent reviewer. Give me a critique of the work, if it is deserving.

I remain yours, till next Summer,
MARSHALL.

His cassock from the loose envelope, now betrays.

The tender youth, a farmer boy, who taught by simple
nature

Reverence for age, and love of venerable virtue, unasked

The simple man of God assails, with aid importunate ;

The good man's hand, light resting on the youth's

Round shoulder, they plod, directed by the rising

Spire, to where, the simple edifice more honor'd

Than the lofty dome, where rustling Silk, with studied

Symmetry of fold, betrays the toilet's care. Scented

• With perfumes, the glossy hair, close cropped or curled, as

Fashion arbitrary exacts, his head the Minister pops

forth

From lofty Pulpit, hung with gilded trappings,

Studious of graceful action, more than piety impressive,

Boisterous or smooth in accent, as art of rhetoric,

That would please the eye or ear, passing but not im-
pressive ;

While his eye askaunt to catch the thought of

Well drest belle—such are thy Ministers, the fashioned
world,

How unlike him, who in my eye now seeks thy humble

Temple, Power omniscient! him poor twenty pounds his
 Annual wants suffices, one-fourth divided 'mongst
 The needy of his flock, unreminded of the peaceful
 Day, by wise beneficence made Holy. 'Till

The strong appeal of pious age, uncheck'd by raging
 Of the w ntry elements, rigid in duty to his God,
 Awakes me. I seek, now taught a lesson, with form
 Enveloped, to exclude the air inclement; the Village
 Church;

No pew but boasts an occupant; for strong example
 Of the man they love, has fixed a habit to attend
 The Sabbath's call; scarce rising o'er our heads
 The simple circle that a pulpit termed contains the hoary
 man, with

Hands clasped firm, as trembling age can yield a fervency
 And eye up-turned, he asks forgiveness of the sins of man:
 He names the strong seductions of each sense,
 To swerve from virtue and religious ordinance, 'till love
 Impassioned of the race he pleads for, sends forth
 The pearly drops that glaze the eye, dimmed with the
 Stride of time: then course the furrowed cheek: his

Hearers catch the warm enthusiasm of those lips, and
now

In voice pathetic, they cement their loves fraternal ;
Such are thy joys religion, pure and simple, the Psalm
Now ends the service, to the lowly pulpit, a form
Erect and graceful, tho' fifty winters have curbed the
frolic

Of the blood, advances, with courtesy made warm by
Pressure of the shrivel'd hand, he yields, the aged
Minister the aid infirmity demands, and now around
Him wraps a cloak with linings rich of silk and furr,
Refused at first, 'till importunity compliance claims, then
Leads the worthy minister to where two sleekly coated
Steeds impatient champ, restrained by reins in tutored
Hands, while the emblazoned vehicle with door wide
held

By hand obsequious admits first handed up with care,
The humble Curate, and then receives the titled man,
Followed by youths, made virtuous by a father's prece-
dent ;

More honored he by good bestowed on those within his

Bounty's scope, than lengthened line of ancestry, or
 Heraldry's Escutcheon. His farewell salutation to the
 Congregated croud, speaks from the eye with fellow love,
 Pleased with this scene that speaks a Summer
 In the heart 'midst frosts of winter. I hie me to the
 Cottage scarce seen beneath the gentle swelling hill,
 While scattering or in groups the Peasants seek the Sun-
 day's cheer

More sumptuous than when labour of the common day
 less delicate

The taste, make common fare acceptable. From out the
 Cottage windows the cheerful faces hail me,
 Their youthful flight accelerate, some time has gained
 The Cottage, and now they taunt me with unequal speed
 'Till around the porch in airy tread of the feathery sur-
 face,

The show birds alone or grouped in playful skip,
 With plumage scarce unlike the gelid liquid that
 Attracts their joyous chirp, excite the infant mind,
 And now the early eye and hand of art receives its
 Impetus. To ensnare the feathered tribe, it first essays

A cruel sport inutile, save to exercise invention, a plank
 Extended, on the fleecy surface one end supported by a
 Fragile stick, a trigger named, while resting on the gelid
 Element, its other extreme receives the lure of crumbs
 Or grain, a line obscure to instinct ken, extends
 To where in ambush of the vines that shade from Sum-
 mers

Suns, the window's seat the snarers watch with
 Anxious gaze, cautious as if fearful of decoy, the birds
 Approach, till bolder grown by example of a few that
 Pick beneath the fall, they croud ; with eye illumin'd
 As at greater age, success more noble fills the mind,
 The urchins view within their reach, the consummation of
 Their scheme ; a sudden jerk, the plank now levels, ●
 Compressing some with broken limbs, while others yield
 Their breath ; a burst of joyous laughter from the urchins
 Now hurry them, to grasp the prize ; Thus sports infan-
 tile

And innocent, by many thought, prepare the mind for
 Human execution ; thus, gradual is the march of crime,
 At first we torture animals, whose mute appeals,

Or writhe of anguish regales the eye, till made familiar
 With sufferings of the animal and insect tribe, we seek a
 higher sphere

Of cruelty, and reach the human sacrifice.

The matron now, by age made peevish, in shrill
 Discordant accents commands, the feet made damp by
 Contact with the element, that through the porous leather
 Communicates, relieved from boot and sock, while with
 anxious

Care, a ruddy girl, painted by nature, rich in tint of
 Cheek and eye, dispatch'd, returns, bearing supply
 Of texture, differing and of various hue, from which
 The good dame makes selection of the lamb's wool,
 White and thick, meanwhile not humbled by the act,

Eugenia

Dries with care, the feet in tender napkin ; vain I avoid the
 Service ; with sweet solicitude of look, she wins me to
 consent

With sock on slipper'd foot, projected the fender yielding
 rest

The text and sermons, critic employs the time while
 sweet

Eugenia with a seraph's smile, wins from my soul
 A sympathy; and while descant on duties of the day
 Elicits warmth of piety, the antique clock, in corner
 Upright placed, proclaims the dinner hour. Smoking
 The sabbath's fare of increas'd dishes attracts, and now
 The cottage circle seated at the board, the elder boy
 The widow'd matron's nod attends and bowing, asks
 A blessing of the meal, and now the youthful sallies
 Innocent, while the simple beverage cautiously dispens'd
 Provokes the jest. A stranger I, from distant land
 Where freedom boasts her sway, yet scarce I feel
 The difference of manners, climate, laws, these all
 Assimilate, and language still unites me closer with
 Thy land fair Britain. Manhood, a few days boast,
 Must soon withdraw me from thy soil, and thou
 Eugenia, still on my mind thy beauties and thy innocence
 Shall live, though oceans roll between.

I in converse with the youths, the Sunday and the new
 Years, even passes drawn around a cheering fire in legends
 Teeming with witches, goblins, ghosts and giants; the old
 dame

Dwells, till trembling at the summons of the bed hour,
 The urchins turn with half averted eyes fearful they
 Meet the confirmation of their fears, to where the dial
 With ship or full faced moon above, the lunar changes
 Tell. My couch invites to slumber, and I seek the curtain's
 Shade, while through the latticed window the moon beams
 Shed a cold, yet pleasing light, inviting contemplative re-
 verie,

My sleep protracted by the pillow's poppy influence.
 The sun has gain'd an hour's eminence ere I wake,
 And as I peep from curtain opening, a scene monotonous
 Assails my eye of unchanged white or shrubs with
 Snows dissolving, as the sun beams yield a warmth
 Averse to gelid air. Eugenia meets me as the parlour
 Neat with care of industry, the offspring receives my tread,
 and

Now advancing, with a kiss I meet the group solicitous
 To seal the morning salutation ; her last of all
 With eye that tells some little choice, yet holy
 Is the proffer'd gift, no passion wakes the slumber of
 The blood unruly. But still she hangs a moment longer

For 'tis woman's tender sympathy that yields her in
 Extremes of love, or hate no medium regulates.
 Implacable, her hate all rage compared is mimic, so
 In love when fixed, she still loves on, or prematurely
 Dies. The steaming kettle on the trevet stands,
 And home-made cakes, partake the chimney's warmth
 Till on the table ranged, they keen the edge of appetite;
 And now in dispute of precedence to age extended
 The childish jar of sounds which soon the good dame's
 Ear assails, and order is restored. Eugenia and myself
 Enjoy, with smile the urchin strife, for naught of
 Hate remains, but all of love fraternal; and now
 With thanks to him the great Dispenser of these
 Goods we quit the cheer. The youths with satchel
 Pendant slung from neck, now seek the village
 School; in sports of mimic fights with snow,
 Made dense and round by pressure of the hand,
 They loiter on the path till the faint sound
 Of school-bell, accelerates their step. Confined
 Within the cot, by damps unpleasant of the
 Melting snow, Eugenia with myself relieves

The tedium of the hour, by reading prose or
Verse, alike our sympathies each beauty stamps,
And each well pleased, on either smiles. Esteems
With love allied, 'tis truly said where sexes
Differ.

SECOND PART.

THE first month hastens to a close, thick clouds
 Envelope thee proud Albion, half the varied year ;
 But most inclement are thy wintry months,
 Yet are thy generous pastimes dearer far, than softer
 Italy in shining radiance clad, for worth and
 Courage, still unite with genius to exalt thy sons :
 None rival thee, except a race who claim alliance
 With thy blood, since Gallia's hero fell from towering
 height, by Heaven's
 Command to save from servitude, a World
 Too little for his wide ambition : but shame still
 Rests upon thy name with those united, that had
 Kissed his rod, and felt the mercy of the brave ;
 In scorn of all the world ye stand, while his
 Prison Rock a monument, shall live sacred
 To ages within thy womb futurity, when all shall
 Pass away that felt his friendship or his hate,

Save thee Bertrand, thy sacred friendship, nor forgetful
 Of thy tender Partner, do I speak ; like him of Macedon
 Surnamed the Great, (yet small) compared with thee
 Napoleon ; so thou with Clytus save thy fate Bertrand
 Shall share the honors of that sainted Rock,
 A proud memorial ; where then will by thy
 Vamped up conquest of the Gaul, thou minion
 Wellington : think'st thou to share corrival honors,
 Vain thy hope : more honored be the chief, from
 Scotia long lamented, whose rich drops corrina,
 Stain'd thy field : honored by his last repose,
 So short the race of those whom genius favors,
 Yet do they gain in that short race enough to build a
 name.

Like him the pride of England's early chivalry, Edward
 The Black. In later day thy early death tho' honored,
 Lawrence claims a tear ; what tho' thy flag
 A glorious trophy fell, thy life-blood stain'd
 The deck, e'er 'twas dishonored by exultation of
 The foe. As fly the hours by, none pass without
 A note : Eugenia lends a charm to each by day, as real
 Nights illusions, not less joyful.

The second month has far advanced
 With perturbed slumbers restless ; I rise, the dawn
 Just breaks, and as I seek my casement, in the
 West a lonely Star refulgent, strange in this
 Land of mists, it seems as if its rays are thrown
 O'er Europe. My memory takes wing, it is thy Birth
 Day Washington, and that thy natal Star, and now
 Behold a glittering wreath entwines it. The Sun ascends
 The Horizon, and slowly sinks that Star, as if in
 Honor of the Hero's Birth : the day is calm and mild,
 The Sun in splendour yields a warmth salubrious,
 Killing the envious damps : Eugenia shares my
 Feelings, as I tell the strange Phenomena, and note
 The incident, the softness of the air invites our
 Rove ; with Sattin Pelise that close drawn around,
 Displays the Symmetry of form it clasps, and
 Gipsy Bonnet trimmed with gaily coloured ribbon,
 Tied beneath a chin Italian—she claims my
 Arm through fields of early springing herbage,
 We trip 'till quickened pace suffuses all the face with
 Nature's rouge : Heaven can thy choicest image mar,

Fair nature with cosmetic touch, when exercise
 Can lend a hue more rich than ruby tempting, or the
 Deep vermilion,—a devious course we mark,
 In converse grave or cheerful, while on either
 Side the Sheep now browse, and Lambs in
 Sportive gambols, scatter wide. As objects living
 Or inanimate attract the eye, some comment
 Rich with taste: Eugenia lends to grace the
 Subject—charity with her of native growth,
 Extenuates the faults of others to herself less
 Merciful, but when the scene of woods, or lake,
 Or lawn, made picturesque by diversity of
 Shade, or hill, or vale, that grace thee Cumberland
 With classic purity, a rich analysis of all
 Thy charms enhanced, she yields not sating;
 But the eye alert, directs to where some softer
 Feature yet may hide beneath a bolder line,
 And now my ear she draws attentive, while
 In inquiry of my native land, she asks of
 Climate, scenery, manners, arts; less warm in
 Art descriptive, I decline the task or give a

Rude outline, her eye that swims while rivetted,
 As if to catch each obscure shade of the
 Portrait, compensates the trouble of the sketch imperfect
 And now unconscious of our rove absorbed, 'till
 On our ear the forge and anvil with quick repeated
 Stroke of sledge, while sparks emitted, announce
 The Blacksmith's shop, the Vulcan of the
 Village he ; his wife no less a Venus, so the
 Village scandal runs. The school-house now
 Salutes, as with the busy hum of voices sonorous,
 While through window, many an absent pane,
 Supply'd by rags or hat to shut the air out,
 The monarch of his youthful subjects is seen,
 With head surmounted by a spiral cap,
 Crimson its dye, the hue assimilate with the
 Monarch's feelings, so say the youths who
 Tremble at his brow contracted. From Scotia he,
 Where parsimony reigns, her sons are erudite,
 No less pedantic ; a hardy race, and provident
 They live where others starve. As onward through
 The village with Eugenia at my side, I stray,

Less humble sheds on either side the lane, from
 Art receive proportions fair, while here and there
 A window deck'd with colours to attract the
 Eye, productions various of art, innocent, the lure
 Pronounce the retail vender : he from the
 Vanity, not venal, of rural belles a scanty
 Living gains ; but no less happy or happier
 Far than he, the prince that rules, the mind,
 The mind, content, no superfluity can add
 A joy, save to bestow on those the surplus
 Store, whose need demands our charity. From
 Curtain'd window peep eyes (sat in fringe of gold)
 Of polish'd jet, while contrast strong of forehead
 Ivory white, and cheeks that steal from roses all
 Their hue, and lips of crimson, rosy fragrance,
 Breathing, yields cognizance, and nod familiar
 Ope the door : no less in form "than face," with
 Beauty stamp'd, the village belle in all her
 Charms confess'd, receives with laughing eye,
 Her cottage rival ; but still Eugenia thou my
 Choice, known to the fair at many a dance

Or sport of spring, the proffer'd hand I press,
 An envious glance from eye, proclaims the rival
 Pride. Though from a clime by naturalists belied,
 And termed degenerate, in form, face, mind
 And vantage, equal the village and the country,
 Preference declare how false the accusation,
 With lusty kernes in sports gymnastic, where
 Contested strength gives mastery, the stranger's
 Force is undeny'd no longer strange, they claim
 Me as a brother, and each some good bestow,
 Sated with little scandal of the village, the
 Harpsichord, piano, or perchance a harp, for
 Thus the little vanity of rising wealth dispenses
 Accomplishments light, and best adapted to the
 Fair, attracts the village belle, with form
 Erect, and air affected, she thrums discordant
 Notes, marring the native beauty which
 Simplicity of manners most adorns, with
 Eyes turned up as ravished with the sounds,
 She asks the listless ear, if not entranced
 By sounds Italian, with risibility restrained,



A courteous lie accedes the confirmation of her
 Deceived sense. Oh ! for thy lute, Eugenia, 'neath
 Some shade propitious, and solitude that aids
 The fancy to rest upon thy eye, while thy
 Rich native notes steal o'er each sense.—Fill'd with
 Delight of joy imaginary, I meet her eye ; its
 Glance betrays how irksome are the hours :
 And now we rise, while her young rival, with
 Unaffected pain, urges her stay till evening.
 Eugenia yields consent, and flying to her toilet
 Deck'd, she soon appears ; on either arm they hang,
 While through the village we parade, attracting
 And attracted by salutations of the envious youths of
 either

Sex. “ Envy awakens emulation, therefore 'tis not vile,
 Where not licentious ;” and now invited by the dining
 hour,

We leave the street ; the village merchant greets us fair,
 And with a joke upon my luck of preference from
 Smiling Belle, invites us to the board ; while 'twixt the
 Fair seated, unpropitious to the whisper, common to the

Sex, "nor do I speak in censure, for who that visits
Exhibitions public; and has not heard boisterous in word
and

Action some upstart; ***** you'd swear

Her sex was masked, and not assent that woman should

Be soft and diffident." Around my chair, in signs

Intelligent they confer, till comely matron with reproof

Of courtesy dispels their cheer, I aid by levity, not

Vicious to the mirth and humour is restored till

Pledged by generous host, in wine we toast all

Absent friends, with friendly comment on my native

Land, where England reaps a store from sale of industry,

A market never failing, that should propitiate our

Peace reciprocal, in some degree the good

Our southern growth the barter.

The evening's close by shadows of the sinking sun upon

The spire is announced, and now the village

Belle is prest to share beneath the cottage roof,

The night; complying she seeks her gaily colour'd

Cloak and cap of fur, with feathers deck'd.

The sun has set, and twilight

Just betrays the form, imperfect of each object
 That surrounds, and now the tinkling cattle
 Bell scarce mars the silence of the hour, as
 Straggling and apart, they wend before the
 Cow-boy, who with whoop assails the abberating
 Herd. Thy scenes, oh nature ! undisturbed by
 Jarring of the city crew, are felt most strong
 By him who flies the stews and narrow paths,
 Corrupt with fetid breaths of crowds promiscuous,
 To snuff the scented gales with aromatic herbs,
 Distilling odours that intoxicate, and though
 The face divine may win our gaze, thy scenes
 Inanimate, I ofttime seek, sated with commerce
 Of the busy world Eugenia, with the village belle,
 Now urge our flight, for twilight's shade, the lawn
 Envelopes, and superstition haunts the mind—before
 Us, slowly moves a figure, heightened by the mists
 Of evening to a giant form—with faces hid, within
 My cloak folds and close embrace of trembling form,
 As fear of goblins startles them, I feel that claim delicious
 Of the weaker sex on man the stronger—while thus

They hang, tremulous with fear, before us halts
 The object of their fright—tall and gaunt, with tatters
 Hung that pity claim, a female she appears, not
 Hideous though masculine her air, her lofty head
 With hood conceal'd, but just betrays the face,
 In accents proud, yet claiming sympathy, she
 Asks a shelter for the night and food. An ancient
 Superstition checks the heart enriched by soft
 Compassion, I feel the dewy breath of sweet Eugenia,
 As in my ear she pours suspicions of the Bedlam dame,
 Or else perchance some witch from dreary dell, or
 Straggling gipsy. With smile of ridicule, I check
 Their fear but half suppress'd. The boon is granted,
 And now in tones that speak her gratitude, she yields a
 Blessing—but still the early influence environs the
 Mind, and closer clings the timid fair, and
 Hurry on with eye inquisitive for latticed gate ; while
 In our rear with rapid stride, the female mendicant's
 Tread, alarms the ear ; till within the lawn I bid them
 Seek the porch, while from the object of their fright,
 I glean her tale of woe. In vain to disengage

Them ; Eugenia clings, and in my ear sweet sounds,
 Dear Edward risk not thyself alone, I will not
 Leave thee ; constrain'd I tread the path and gain the
 Porch, while the unwelcome visitor confronts us.
 The noise of latch announces our arrival to the urchins,
 Who rush to meet us ; back they
 Start with fright, at sight of the unseemly mendicant :
 The cot admits us, petrify'd with fear the youths
 Avert their eyes ; While the good dame on low
 Chair seated, withdraws from sock the netting
 Needle, a slight reproof for absence lengthened, till
 The shade of night, with dews endanger health
 First greets our ear, and then a welcome to the village belle,
 Till spectacles adjusted, she scrutinizes with suspicion,
 Marked the figure that with form erect, tho' shattered
 By the blasts of fortune, "stands abashed : the face
 Betrayed now speaks the character ; with look unbending
 She meets the matron's stare that shrinks beneath
 Her gaze, and seeks employ to shun its fire ; if
 Ye regret your boon, the open field shall yield
 A couch, with eye of pride, she utters, and turns

To seek the door. Fear to compassion yields, and
 Now a proffer'd seat receives the unwelcome guest.
 In whispers low, while fear has chased the roses
 From their cheeks, the rival belles hold converse.
 Ever and anon, their fearful glance directed
 To the stranger, till from her shoulders she relieves
 The tattered cloak ; as from the head the hood
 Is raised, the hair luxuriant, flows o'er shoulders,
 And a neck of beauty rare, the large blue
 Eye that swims in tears, a thin arch'd brow
 Scarce shades. The robe beneath that wraps
 The form, by sorrow shrunk, a faded silk
 Appears ; it loosely hangs as if in better days
 It closer clung to the sunk form it now
 Envelopes And now dispell'd our fears, each with
 A tear of pity solicitous to serve, surround the
 Sufferer, as if our sympathies awake her sorrow,
 The tears fast course her cheek ; in vain the
 Goodly fare to win her taste ; feelings too strong
 Of mental agony, restrains all appetite for food.
 The good dame seeks to sooth her pain, and asks

Her sorrows confidence ; awhile she hesitates,
 And stares around with frenzied eye ; the urchins
 Creep beneath the tables shelter ; a look of melancholy
 Succeeds her frenzied stare ; and now she gives her grief
 An emphasis in moans 'till sooth'd her tale in
 Verse irregular, she tells

THE MANIAC'S TALE.

Where blooms perennial o'er sweet Erin's Isle,
 Live in each scene a never changing smile,
 Where virtue lends a charm to every view,
 Unchanged by art and still to nature true,
 Where fragrant gales their odours rich dispense,
 Whose subtle sweets exhilarate the sense,
 Where all these scenes unite to cheer the heart,
 There dwelt a chief ; to him they scarce impart
 One ray of joy that gladdens o'er the soul :
 Frozen his look as native of the pole,
 Lofty his eye, erect his port and fair,
 The haughty features slightly marked with care ;
 Proud of descent from Erin's lofty line,

Melesian's honor'd by the sacred nine,
 He scorns the power that by force intrals
 His sacred land ; and as he views his lofty halls,
 That bears the trophies of his ancient race,
 The eye is dark nor darker less the face ;
 Surcharged, the stagnant blood will scarce recede,
 His sword is grasped, bring quick my steed,
 The walls re-echo to the thundering sound,
 And clash of arms the silent halls confound ;
 With monarch strides he gains, where stand,
 Opposed in look erect, his chosen band
 Of Erin's sons, no servil race ;
 They seek e'en death to shun disgrace :
 'Twas when fell England sought to bind,
 With impious chains the human mind,
 Her hand of power steeped in gore,
 She sought still further hate to pour,
 Where Erin smiled through all the ill,
 That persecutions could distill,
 Of venal laws that drain the blood,
 While o'er the corpse the tyrant trod.

My Father he that chieftain dark,
 And I the lone dove of his ark :
 Scarce sixteen Suns had dy'd my hue,
 When like the rose bud steeped with dew,
 In tears I weep that Father's fall,
 Nor his alone I grieve, but all
 My race, two Brothers brave,
 Where are my senses, like the winds I rave ;
 What all, and am I left alone ;
 Oscar, Dermot, are they gone,
 Thus while in shrieks I rend the air,
 'Midst flashing arms, whose noises bear
 The horrors of that bloody night,
 The dreadful scene my senses blight,
 For when I saw my Father fall,
 As through his breast the searching ball,
 The vital blood fast flowing from the wound,
 He reels awhile 'till on the ground,
 In voice that sounds the Lion's notes,
 Erin a chief in death devotes,
 But glazed the eye and still the tongue,

Ere he could sound his sense of wrong,
I saw no more, my senses real,
I here no clash of sword or peal
Of arms, all is dark 'till in my eye,
My younger brother Oscar seems to fly,
Through ranks all bleeding, on his brow a scar,
His Mother's eye of lovely blue to mar,
And Dermot too in tower of limb,
Through blood an ocean seems to swim,
But now his Father's dark eye sinks,
The last of all that with me links ;
My race are gone, but I am here
To chant the notes of wild despair,
What time past o'er I never learned,
All that I heard our walls where burnt ;
My waking sense betrays my state,
My pale cheek rests against a grate ;
The screams of Maniac's wild assail
My ears, or groans or frenzied wail,
Of wretches chained or fetter'd as their rage
If unrestrained, upon themselves would wage

The war of blows, or tear
 Their flesh in agony, or hair,
 As of the sense beguil'd they rave,
 Quick end my sorrows in the grave ;
 Ere thought extinct to know the sense estranged,
 Or hear perchance the scream of wretch deranged,
 When lucid intervals the mind awakes,
 On through mazed scenes the impaired reason breaks;
 Three years I lingered in this horrid cell,
 None know its horrors but the few that feel ;
 Reason restored but doubted by the sane,
 'Till action regular of months regain,
 Credit with those who seek the hated spot,
 Where loath'd revilings of the wretch, whose lot
 All deprecate that feel the cheerful blood,
 While through the veins in joyous frolic mood,
 Quick vacillating 'till to each extreme,
 All is enliven'd by the living stream,
 Thus as I trace the horrors of my mind,
 Still memory turns and still a joy I find,
 Love's hallow'd scenes howe'er from taste astray,

And lends to darkness all the light of day.
 One being exalted 'bove the common crew,
 Feels like myself again the genial dew ;
 Of sense restor'd that swells with joy the heart,
 While beaming sympathies a tear impart,
 For those whose miseries a common fate unite,
 Fair reason sank in one continued night ;
 Alfred by name in manly beauty stands,
 And o'er my soul his influence commands.
 Like Dermot high in pride of blood and name,
 Early his spirit sought the list of fame ;
 Where laurel'd, steep'd in sanguinary fields,
 To victors proud a transient honor yields,
 'Till carnage human sate ambition's thirst,
 And human sympathies their fetters burst ;
 But not alas 'till dy'd with many a stain,
 And crimes accumulate confuse the brain ;
 With shouts of victory and fields of gore,
 Reels the proud hero insensate on the floor,
 Then bound in fetters to a dungeon wall,
 Vaulting ambition finds alas. how small



Are joys that follow e'er so great the plain,
 Where hests contending bleeding laurels gain ;
 As thus I trace with abberating mind,
 Scenes that have past, but are still confined
 On memory's page where much of light and shade,
 In confused order rest 'till time shall fade,
 Fond memory brings each tender look of love,
 Though bedlam fiends our passion disapprove ;
 Thus lengthen'd months made tedious by suspense,
 Test reason's sway until her rays intense,
 Shoot through the eye dispelling frenzied stare,
 That checks communion substituting fear ;
 In stolen glances first our mutual flame,
 Tells all each think, but dares not give a name,
 'Till secret meetings hasten to reveal,
 What pride with care had studied to conceal,
 For even here my memory would retrace,
 All the proud titles of Melesian race,
 'Till all their blood my bosom swells with pride,
 And Alfred's passion in fierce terms I chide ;
 But vain the effort passion to expel,

Thro' all my veins the liquid heat I feel;
 Nature derides the barriers weak of art,
 Raised to restrain the windings of the heart;
 Triumphant love with one elastic bound,
 Reels laws divine and morals to the ground;
 Clos'd in his arms I feel the warm embrace,
 While timid fears suffuse with blush my face;
 Thus hallow'd love by interest unsway'd,
 Teems o'er each sense and beams in smiles array'd,
 'Till opes the gates that long our flight had marred,
 Once more we tread the green elastic sward,
 Ravished each sense we hang absorbed in blisses,
 While on each lip and cheek a thousand kisses,
 Yield transport wild, my pulses rage with fire,
 In thrilling extacy we both expire.

The Church's right soon seal'd us one,
 Alas, how soon to be alone;
 We sought these climes where Alfred claims,
 A union with the loftiest names;
 Unlike to him they spurn his bride,
 And from my love would feign divide.



My Alfred : they term me poor and prostitute,
 The tongue that spoke, long is mute,
 For Alfred's steel transfix'd his breast,
 His Father's hall his bosom prest :
 A Brother's murder stains his hand,
 And who can live to bear the brand;
 His naked steel high flashed in air,
 His frenzied look the menials scare,
 With hurried step he quits the hall,
 I fly, pursue, in vain I call :
 'Twas night, the thunder's roar,
 With lightning streams, in torrents pour
 The rain, my garments drench'd, my limbs are chill,
 I sink beside a mountain rill,
 'Till morning breaks, with pain I rise,
 Through heather thick my path now lies ;
 My mind recalls the dreadful night,
 I gain a lake, oh horrid sight,
 My Alfred's body near the shore,
 And some, I come, we heard no more.

With frenzied look the maniac starts, the

Door flies open, Eugenia with the group
 Assembled round, spring to arrest her flight,
 Like winged fiends borne on the air,
 No trace we find ; how much of sympathy
 Her tale elicits, is seen as fear and feeling
 Blend on every face ; the good dame's eye
 Betrays some knowledge of the maniac's tale,
 But what she knows suppresses, less the
 Lengthen'd tale, protract the waking hour.
 The group dividing seek the cot's repose,
 While with the elder urchin through devious
 Paths, while faithful Towler forward snuffs
 The air, sagacious he in scent of leveret,
 Fell foe to Reynard, enemy of all the vermin tribe,
 The urchin fear of goblin, witch or elf,
 Confines him to my side, while
 Suspended the prattle of the youthful
 Tongue, 'cept in whisper of his fears,
 That suppliant claims, return to cottage
 Distant. As with hope awaken'd of success
 By barking of the hound, we haste perchance

To find the wandering maniac, whose
 Fate elicits all our sympathy ; vain
 Pursuit. The dark'ning clouds now threaten
 Rain, and distant thunder, with vivid streaks
 Of lightning, pierce the sombre veil :
 Warned by the threat'ning storm to seek
 Beneath the cottage roof of thatch, a timely shelter, we
 turn,

The falling drops with unpropitious chills,
 As the storm, in gusts rushes through the foliage, and
 Sweeps the fern accelerates our flight,
 To where in distance seen, a light now
 Gleams from dormant window, a beacon
 Kind of sweet Eugenia, our eager flight
 Fatigues, and now with panting breath
 And step retarded, we reach the cot : she,
 Tender object of my love, as sounds our
 Footsteps on the porch, or as the urchin
 Anxious of escape, from pelting sleet,
 Assails with stroke repeated, of hand and foot,
 The door, descends in anxious inquiry,

Of our search extended to the midnight hour,
A sigh escapes her tender bosom, as
Story of our fruitless search confirms
Her hope deceptive. Poor wretch, in such
A night as this, "as now the storm with
Furious rush, and rain in torrents pour,
While rapid peal on peal of thunder, shake
The cottage to its base," that brutes would claim
Our pity, heaven sure will spare thy shrivelled
Form already wreck'd by many a deep
Set sorrow, and save thee from raging of the
Elements; a tear as pure as angels shed o'er
Suffering innocence, when lovely woman
Sinks beneath a villian's guile, or warm
As mother o'er her dying infant, sheds
Impearls her eye; "May thy heart
Chaste being, by commerce with the world,
Ne'er loose the tender veil that shades
Its sympathies." The urchin asks with
Timid eye to share my couch, I yield
Assent: a parting kiss,

That leaves its impress on my lip,
 Waking a thousand joys delusive,
 Separates us, the rain and sleet now patters
 'Gainst the panes, while the rude tempest howls
 Without, dispelling sleep,
 Till imperceptible it steals o'er all the sense ;
 Bewildering thought ; through oceans, air and
 Skies, the mind, in rangeless march, extends : perchance
 A king we reign or else a beggar, charity
 Extort from parsimony mean.

THIRD PART.

Morn, through the misty veil of night,
 Her light sends forth in streaks ; and, as the
 Sun with clouded disk the horizon ascends,
 The low of cattle winding up the hill,
 Salutes the ear, while lively cackle of the
 Barn-yard brood now keeps awake the mind,
 That listless else on pillow rests ; till
 Through the window the sun-beams rouse
 The form recumbent from the couch, which
 Yields a warmth effeminate that enervates

The limb. 'Tis spring accelerate ; thought

Yet remains a few more days to close the

Wintry month ; the lawn is silver'd o'er

With dew that hangs upon the tender grass,

And speck'd with straggling

Sheep, in wintry vestments clad. Thus nature

Provident, affords each animal a coat to

Suit the season, mild or inclement : the

Swinish brood, with skin more thick, boast

Hair setacious—each ministers to man

In various shapes of art. To sate the

Pamper'd appetite of epicure, creation's ranged ;

The isles Caribbian yield the turtle,

A rich repast—choice fare of greasy

Alderman. From China, distant half the

Globe, the bird-nest, rare food, each dish

Commands a sum would yield a weekly

Store of common fare : still luxury refines

The manners which sustains, with just

Propriety, the social orders, by exchange

Mutual : happier by far the hind that

Whistling at the plough-helm, wades through
 The loosen'd glebe unconscious, save to
 Abberation of the team, or he with spade
 That toils with dewy brow, his labour
 Yields a circulation healthful to the blood
 That appetite provokes. Content with
 Common fare no viands can increase his zeal ;
 And when at night he seeks uneasy pallet,
 Fatigue of exercise in death-like slumbers steep
 His sense—not so with him of thought the
 Slave ; in vain he courts the drowy god,
 Unaided by narcotic poison, that yields
 Uneasy slumbers. Pleased with the mirror's
 Comment that deceives the partial eye, in
 Flattery of its sister features, I seek the breakfast
 Circle, seated around the board in silence, yet
 With eye quarrelous, till the good dame marks the
 Maniac's cloak that o'er a chair suspended,
 Reminds us of the owner's tale, most strange
 Her flight ; each some comment puerile affords,

And doubts arise, if supernatural the subject
 Of our descent. The balmy zephyrs, that just kiss
 The cheek, scarce sensible to the downy touch and
 Pass, invite our rove ; while Skiddaws summit
 Indistinctly seen, through clouds that hang
 Suspended half way down its side, presents
 A scene sublime and beautiful, that claims
 The muse of Byron ; favored child of poetry
 More lofty themes attract his song, Italia,
 Classic Greece, invite him to their shores.
 Ungrateful Bard, to shed thy beauties o'er
 A Foreign land, and leave thy native scenes
 To drivellers. Can Patriotism expire 'midst the
 Blaze of Genius ?—The urchins, anxious
 To partake in rambles that delight the
 Youthful mind, with clamorous appeal
 For 'scape from Academic toils, assail the
 Good dame's ear ; she yields a slow assent ;
 With joyous bound they reach the lawn :
 The hat, high thrown in air and curvet,
 Semblant to the frolic colt, proclaims their

Wild delight. "The wild in limb are wild
 In heart." Blest period of man's life, childhood, e're
 Intercourse, deceptive of the world, destroys
 The early dream ; 'twere better then to die
 Than test the schemes of manhood. With Eugenia
 On the porch, in converse sweet, while o'er my
 Ravish'd heart her beauties steal, eliciting soft
 Adulation, grateful to the ear of woman, 'till slight
 Reproof of flattery insincere exacts asseveration
 Strong of truth, and joined by village belle,
 More studious of art to please, her curls with
 Care adjusted to the temple close, her bodice
 Scarce admits of respiration free, in vain Eugenia
 To invite the frolic skip or race that lends
 A healthful spirit to the blood, which creeps
 In stagnant marsh. She, fearful to destroy a
 Grace, with measured step, her eye askant to catch
 The gaze of admiration, leaves scenes unnoted
 That abstract the eye susceptible of nature's
 Beauties : how unlike to thee, sweet nature's votress,
 That with flowing ringlets, wantoning in the breeze,

And limbs unfettered, in elastic bound pursues.
 The urchins, loud in mirth, through faded heather,
 Or where the forest shades attract. While
 Chain'd by courtesy I yield the village belle
 My ear; in converse of the city scenes, she
 Dwells where all the finery of art can
 Scarce conceal deformities that teem from
 Prince to menial. The quick ascent of
 Hill the wanderers flight retards; and now
 We join the joyous groupe, with palpitant
 Quick and cheek inflamed by exercise—
 As with laggard step in slow ascent of
 Hill side steep, and insecure to foot untaught
 By frequent ramble, o'er unequal surface, we pursue,
 The tread incautious precipitates some one, less careful
 Of the rugged slants; an essay rude of mirth awakes
 The wood, re-echo'd in the glen. And now we
 Rise the summit, enchanting scene, the
 Lovely lake, its bosom soft extends beneath that sleep
 In stillness, specked with many an islet;

While o'er the glassy surface the sun-beams
 Play. Like mirrors the lake reflects the
 Dome inverted of the Heaven's ; the ravished
 Eye in extacy absorbed, shuts out all grosser atoms
 Of corporeal essence, and winged, takes its flight
 A being spiritual, through space infinite,
 Imaginations range, peopled with fairy worlds,
 Courted by beauties of the sylvan Sea
 We near the border, in converse of its charms,
 A shriek alarms our ears with flight of
 Timid leveret returning ; the foremost urchin,
 Dumb with fear, points to the spot where rests
 The object of his fright : fear communicates,
 And, anxious to retreat, they turn their speed,
 Increased by terrors accumulate of
 Flight—and lost in distance, alone I seek
 To where directed, the object
 Whose presence mars our ramble, a figure
 Worn emaciate ; her lengthened limbs scarce
 Hid in motley cloak : with wild unearthly
 Glare upon a prostrate form she rests,

'Till by my tread alarm'd, with frown she
 Scowls upon me ; while unintelligible sounds,
 Like growl of savage, she wolf, breaks
 Upon my ear, she beckons me away. The
 Form that lies beneath its drapery betrays
 The female Maniac—The Irish Chieftain's child.
 Now cold in death, a shrill note wakes the
 Air : two figures rush to where the hag is
 Muttering spells ; dark are their visages
 As midnight ruffian : they motion with
 Their eye and hand : I wait no further salutation,
 And leave the painful scene. Time since are
 Found two graves near to the spot—as with
 Mind immersed in thought, on fate of poor unfortunate,
 I slow retrace my steps ; alone, Eugenia seeks
 Me with fearful glance, yet firm in mind. She
 Woman's fortitude in extremes of fortune proves
 Timid at first, when danger thickens nought
 Can move. With anxious grasp of hand, her
 Eye in joy sends forth a tear ; oh, how I
 Trembled lest some ill should fall you ;

Yes Edward, and I would have sought to
 Share thy fate whate'er ; in accents that
 Convey an interest equal, I elicit from
 Her bosom long conceal'd, the early sentiment
 First caught by sympathy of good exchanged,
 And swear eternal love : the scene propitious,
 Yields a fervency of pledge in look, in action :
 Feeling all is love and every sense absorbed.
 The hours fly unheeded, 'till shadows attenuate
 The Sun's decline announces ; and
 Now, on either leaning, we traverse hill and dale,
 In descant on each beauty of the vale, or
 Mountain scenery, 'till smiling Cottage, seen in distance,
 Anxious to protract the fond exchange of sentiment,
 Which, by an oath of constancy on either side,
 Unites ; by devious paths, we reach the lawn ;
 Where in suspense, made painful by our lengthened
 Absence to the Sun's just lingering on the horizon, the
 Anxious groupe, with eye projected half beyond the
 Lid, curious in expression, solution of their fears
 Demand. The jaundiced eye of Village helle,

Upon her rival with piquant smile, proclaims
 The truism "friendship in all things, save in love,
 May live:" with ceremonious stoop of person,
 She declines return to friendly Cottage, and now
 Directs her step to where the Village sinks
 Beneath a hill; the thatch'd roofs just betray'd;
 Again the strong appeal of courtesy exacts
 Attendance on the Merchant's Daughter:
 Deservedly her beauties claim the gaze of
 Admiration, but artifice has made her quite a
 Fashioned thing; yet are her sympathies, though
 Chill'd by art, alive, and she can feel as tender woman
 When they love, and seek through crime the
 Object; each stroke, malicious fortune aims, but
 Tests the sacrifice and binds her closer to
 The loved one; thro' all the scenes of misery and woe
 She shares and soothes his fate, content in being repay'd
 with love.

As now I join the fair, Eugenia with
 A blush dismisses me, and now complaint,
 By eye made liquid with a tear, the Village

Belle declares the rival interest, and charge
 Of love deceitful, which had won her heart.
 She breathes in murmur'd accents to undeceive,
 Were cruel to deceive, most vile, between ;
 Vanity with virtue struggles ; the former yields,
 And childish rage inflames the youthful belle.
 Glad release, her Father greets us at the
 Village lane, and now I hasten from the
 Angry fair, fleet as a roe-buck, back I
 Speed to dear Eugenia.

Time flies on wing of Gossamer,
 And March quick hastens on to May, the
 Fearful month that bears me from these
 Scenes ; with trembling apprehension we
 Seize each moment to increase its joy,
 By tenderness in interchange of sweets ;
 Each scene, propitious to the
 Tender flame is sought, the glen or hill
 Side courts us, or shaded walks through forests,
 Or on the lake's smooth margin, each tells
 Some tale ; and now the spring sends forth

The feather'd warblers of the wood, the thrush
 And linnet or bulfinch, and even little wren
 With fretful twitter, lends a charm to
 Minds that seek a union with the great
 Dispenser of this rich repast, by study
 Of each living atom of creation, that form
 The natural link the head and end invisible.
 The May-day frolics yield anticipations pleasing
 To the mind fond of rural scenes ; where
 Flora lends rich gems to deck her votaries,
 Not flowers of art but pregnant with
 Sweets refreshing to the sense, from Nature's fields.
 How oft with her, dear object of my love,
 Fatigu'd with scrambling o'er the cliffs, I've sought
 The scented heath, imbedded 'midst wild flowers
 That bear our forms' impression, to rest
 The wearied limb.

As slow the Moon now rises,
 From beneath the hill, crowned with majestic
 Oak, unchanged by art, in growth luxuriant,
 A groupe is seen of rural youths, that

Skip, with airy tread, the sward elastic ;
 Among them one whose form a Praxitiles,
 Could near define, or sculptor reach the hand
 Of nature ; simple and pure her manners, as the
 Lily robe that veils her beauties, not all
 Are hid ; the face is seen with features, vain
 The chissel or the pencils' art to line ; for
 Can the eye, from heaven that caught its hue
 And living fire, the touch of art attain ?
 She, queen elect of all the groupe unasked,
 Claims tribute from the subject train.
 Each eye and tongue, in adulation, seek the
 Fair, while she, unconscious of nature, prodigal
 In bounties, where least asked, with bended
 Eye and crimson cheek, trembles as the
 Gazers praise her charms. Eugenia, unrivalled
 Stands, graceful each movement of her
 Limbs, and rich the blended tints, moist
 With the dew of exercise that decks her
 Cheek. I seek her hand, and now in sportive
 Frolic of unfetter'd limb they mingle, winding

In forms irregular, but not unseemly to
 The eye, 'till to the circle the queen advances ;
 The groupe give place and in the dance we join,
 Either's eye, express tho' cautious, fearful to betray, 1
 Sympathies we feel, the dance has ceased, and
 Leading to the rustic bench, where seated,
 From eye and lip, we breathe the sacred passion ;
 Or in descant of the world's mazes, make light
 The hours, while loud mouth'd merriment
 Alarms the ear of absorbed reason.
 Thus art and nature each dispense a lesson,
 Wise in Man to note ; fill'd, yet not sated
 With these joys, that leave the mind in
 Doubt if ignorance is bliss : evening
 Sweet close divides her rural children
 With faltering tongue and frame that
 Trembles as she lisps *To-morrow*. Edward,
 Ah dearest Edward, in that term *To-morrow* a
 Thousand fears alarm my bosom ; and
 Will you leave me ? Never, Eugenia, thou art
 Mine forever ; within my arms she sinks ;

And, wak'd from trance of joy, by urchins
 Hastening to our side, we seek the Cottage :
 The Grandam yields consent. Too distant
 To await approval of my friends, Atlantic
 Rolls between, and hastening, proud of alliance form'd by
 Love, the day's appointed. The morn arrives,
 Array'd in lily frock, semblance of innocence,
 My bride elect appears ; and now the bridal
 Party join, I lead the blushing virgin to the altar.
 The titled man, her Father's friend, bestows
 The precious gift, while the old Minister,
 With features relaxed, as when through frosts of
 Winter the Sun beams break with tepid ray's,
 Joins our hands and calls a blessing down ;
 And now the gratulation of the crowd alarms
 My bride, who seeks upon my bosom shelter.
 A band of rural youths with rural flutes,
 While the old Village Fiddler aids, on wooden
 Leg, to harmonize their strains, as coupled
 In procession, we seek in open air
 Where tables spread with simple stores innoxious,

Invite the groupe increasing, as more distant
 Neighbours reach the revels late, with mirth -
 And wine enliven'd, the hours pass
 Till night descends, and, hastening with
 Eugenia to the Cottage deck'd with
 Evergreens, kneeling at the Grandam's feet,
 She yields a benison—and * * * * *

Ye that have never felt the joys
 Of wedded love, can little judge the fond delight
 That spring from intercourse,
 That breathes in confidence the
 Early day, that peeps through azure skies,
 And opes the eyes of youthful bridegroom ;
 But one night old in wedlock betrays the lovely
 Bride with pillow'd head and hair dishevelled,
 In loveliness of wild profusion spreading
 O'er a neck and bosom, pure and white
 As mountain snow, while eyes, in slumber
 Closed are kiss'd to waking : half
 Raised the lid, with timid glance, the fervent
 Gaze of amorous groom encounters ; then

Sinks with modest blush upon his bosom :
 Who that has tasted joys like these would live
 A wanton life.

The Sabbath claims attendance : proud of my
 Lovely bride I seek the Village Church
 With cemetery inclosed by pailings white,
 And e're the service claims our ear, led
 By Eugenia to where a simple slab,
 Memorial of double worth, relates
 The tale of two that sealed their earthly
 Union in the tomb ; the one a Soldier, deeply
 Scarr'd on proud Vemeria's field, but reach'd
 In dust, to mingle with his native soil ;
 His dying lips just breath'd how much he
 Loved, and only griev'd to leave the partner
 Of his bosom, and the pledges sweet of that
 Dear partner's love, how soon to follow a
 Few days, joined them in the silent tomb ;
 The earliest flowers of spring are scattered o'er
 Their double grave. The filial tears that
 Flow from dear Eugenia, proclaims her Parents

Fate. I draw her from the scene no less affected
At their fate, I deem it happy.

England adieu, scarce

Less my love to thee than that my native
Soil awakens, while peace unites us.
Oft shall my mind recur to all thy
Scenes endeared by sympathy,
Three scions from a union with thy soil,
Now gambol o'er the floor in frolic loud ;
Their noisy prattle is music to my ear,
While Eugenia, fearful they disturb
The train of thought that guides my
Pen, their mirth by gentle chidings checks.
Beneath the forest shades of various growth,
Where Carolina smiles in verdure scarce repress
By short liv'd winter, or through fields of
Yellow blossom'd Cotton or dropping with pendant
Pods, or where the Corn with tassel
Waving in the Summer breeze, a mimic
Ocean to the eye, of glittering waves
Appears, still with Eugenia to share each

Scene vivid or sombre, I ask no pageant to
Amuse the eye, no galla rout or soirie,
Nor even the drama formed to chasten
Sentiment, can draw me from the scenes
Endear'd by love that breathes with
Purity of morals.



















